

WEATHER BULLETIN.

WEATHER BUREAU,
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WICHITA, KAN., Nov. 29, 1893.
Forecast for Wichita and vicinity—
Fair; slightly colder.

During the past twenty-four hours the highest temperature was 45, the lowest 22 and the mean 40, with colder, cloudy, followed by clearing weather, high south wind about 3 o'clock a. m., changing to light south during the afternoon.

Thus far this month the average temperature has been 43.

For the past five years the average temperature for the month of November has been 43, and for the 25th day 37.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The following forecast up to 8 p. m. Thursday:

For Kansas—Fair; winds shifting to northerly; much colder Friday night.

For Missouri—Generally fair; variable winds; colder Friday morning.

YALE AND PRINCETON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The seventeenth annual football game to be played tomorrow between Princeton and Yale promises to be in many respects an unusual contest of the kind ever played.

This evening some bets were placed at 5 to 4 on Yale. The indications seem to show that the Princetonians will keep their money.

It is generally conceded that the style of play will be of the open variety, and that Yale especially will refuse to make any concession except when the course is open to her.

The prospects tonight are for rain. Should the forecast prove true the Yale team would have a material advantage.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 29.—The Pennsylvania-Harvard game tomorrow will be for blood. Both sides are determined to win and to play to the victor.

The game of the day, Yale and Princeton, will be played at 5 o'clock. Yale, and she will do it this time. Pennsylvania has been working with terrific energy for this game, and has come to town feeling that she can win and is bound to be victorious.

Both sides play an aggressive game, relying on weight and mass play, and the chances are that substitutes will be needed by both before the game is over.

In practice the men seem possessed of demons, and play with phenomenal dash and spirit. In comparing the eleven, man for man, they are about even. As far as team play goes both sides play the same hard pushing game, with Harvard having the advantage in more new plays.

THE KAISER'S PRESENT.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—Chancellor von Capri today had an audience with Emperor William in regard to the imperial machine.

The emperor, who is in the habit of seeing the chancellor daily, has been told that the machine was in good order.

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TIMBER CUTTERS ARRESTED.

ALVA O. T., Nov. 29.—(Special.)—Deputy United States Marshal Langley brought in eight prisoners from the vicinity of the Cedar mountains, yesterday, charged with cutting timber on government lands unlawfully. They were all bound over to the next term of the district court.

Charles Shrader, wife of Deputy Sheriff Shrader of this county, died at her home near Nayoka last evening. Mrs. Shrader, several days ago and during her husband's absence, attempted to burn a house around some haystacks, when, in some unexplained manner, her clothing caught fire and she was fatally burned before the fire could be extinguished. She leaves a husband and a large number of friends to mourn her loss.

OF INTEREST TO ATHLETES.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says:

I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my professional duties, I discovered such a remedy in ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

I tried other plasters, but found them all too harsh and irritating. ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is stable, by which about a quarter of an inch of plaster is applied to the muscles, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprain" and "distention" races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected.

WHOLESALE KILLING.

WELCH, W. Va., Nov. 29.—Following pay day at nine of the largest mines on the Norfolk and Western road, there were four murders and three affairs which will result in blood.

One of the dead was a negro, one of whom was killed by Hiram Day (white), in a fight with the latter in which Day was also killed. A. S. Waldron was killed by a black about a quarrel over a store bill, and near Davis station the body of Hubert Mitchell, a respectable white woman, was found in the woods. A French barber named Deschamps has been arrested charged with the latter murder.

PARKHURST'S CRUSADE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The grand jury today indicted Police Captain William S. Devery of the Eldridge street station for malfeasance in office and criminal neglect of duty. The indictment is founded upon charges preferred by Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.

The captain is charged with being aware of the character of certain losses and with failing to close them after being requested to do so.

LOW TARIFF, LOW WAGES.

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—The Nonantum Worsted company, with mills at Newton, has formally notified its 800 operatives that the reduction in the tariff proposed by the new law will necessitate a reduction in wages or stop the mills.

FITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 29.—The W. D. Wood rolling mills of McKeesport, Pa., have ordered a 10 per cent reduction in the wages of all employees, numbering 5,000. The men will probably accept.

Cataract is a constitutional disease, and a purely constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

EXTORTION AND LIBEL.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—E. A. Kibbourne, formerly auditor for the General Electric company, was arrested today, charged with attempting to extort money by threats to publish a libelous article and threats to murder.

The complaint in the case is against E. A. Kibbourne, general manager of the company.

Kibbourne says that his arrest is part of a systematic plan of persecution that has been carried out by the company since he was employed by it.

He reported a shortage of \$20,000 in the accounts of Sunney's son at Omaha. He denies that he ever received Sunney for money, except for salary due.

A RAT'S SQUABBLE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—The Chicago Great Western has made trouble for itself and all other Chicago and southwestern lines by cutting the rates on excess baggage from \$1.40 to 10 per cent.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has announced that it will meet the cut. Chairman Caldwell has pronounced the action of the Great Western a direct violation of the association agreement, and has called a meeting for Friday, when the Great Western will be tried.

The western road refuse to make any territorial exchange of cheap rates in the districts east and west of the Missouri river for the holidays.

THE COUGHLIN TRIAL.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29.—Jurors Gates and Wilson, who were charged with securing places on the Coughlin jury in an irregular manner, were discharged today by the presiding judge. The court adjourned till Friday for the purpose of securing a new jury.

The prosecution has reconsidered its announced intention, and will proceed against Juror Wilson.

A story is current today that the investigation had narrowed down to three prominent politicians are accused of having inspired the attempt to corrupt the jury. Proof of this is alleged to be in the possession of the state's attorney.

PRINCESS COLONNA'S HUSBAND.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—Mrs. John W. Mackay has left Carlton house, and has gone to Paris, in order to be with her daughter, Princess Colonna, who has commenced legal proceedings with the view of obtaining a divorce from her husband, Prince Ferdinand Colonna, and to obtain the custody of her three children. It is understood that the princess charges her husband with having seduced her.

THE FRENCH CABINET.

PARIS, Nov. 29.—Senator Spuller has announced the nomination of a cabinet. He succeeds he will present a list of new ministers to President Carnot at 10 o'clock tonight.

PARIS, Nov. 29.—At a late hour it is said that the cabinet will be composed as follows: Premier and minister of foreign affairs, M. Spuller; interior, M. Rouvier; finance, M. Baudouin; public works, M. Baudouin; education, M. Poincaré; navy, M. Kérizier; war, M. Feron; marine, Admiral Gervais; colonies, M. Delecluse.

TURF WINNERS.

BENNINGTON, D. C., Nov. 29.—Winners: Charlie Wilson, Yacatan, Logan, Aurelian, Bessie Island, My Gypsy.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill., Nov. 29.—Winners: Favourite, Bud Ketchick, Mergo, Roseberry, Lizzie V.

GLOUCESTER, N. J., Nov. 29.—Winners: Spawaway, Dutch Oven, Rancous, Bloddy's Victim, Dock Birch, White Wings.

UTTENBURG, N. J., Nov. 29.—Winners: Every Joosson, Major General, Tartarian, Scudamore, Wagoner, Douce.

SPAIN AND THE MOORS.

MELILLA, Nov. 29.—An immediate advance of the Spanish forces upon the Moors is expected. The Moors are preparing to make a stubborn resistance and are busily at work strengthening their positions. Twenty-five Spanish generals are here and reinforcements continue to arrive.

LOBENGULA CAPTURED.

CARETOWN, Nov. 29.—A dispatch received here in Petersburg reports that Commander Rind has captured King Lobengula.

HELEN DUVVAY DIVORCED.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Judge McAdam of the superior court has granted a decree of divorce to Helen Duvvay and the actress divorced John M. Ward, the baseball player.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The scene of conflict.

"This talk," said the bachelor, "of woman's engaging in the pursuits of man is all nonsense."

"I don't know," said his friend, doubtfully.

"There's no doubt about it. Suppose a war should arise. Women couldn't fight, could they?"

"What's the reason they couldn't?"

"Why, because they are not naturally constituted for warfare."

"Humph! Just come over to the bargain counter in our dry goods store some day and you'll change your mind."

As to their relationship.

Hibbs (at the Blobs reception)—Glad to meet you, Mr. Nobbs. I think I may claim to be a sort of relative.

Nobbs—Pardon me—what is the name?

Hibbs—Our fathers, I believe, were second cousins, or something of that kind.

"Ah—possibly. They may have been distantly—very distantly—related."

"Not so distantly related, sir, but that your father borrowed one hundred dollars from my father once and never paid it. Fine old painting this, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Not Like Bridget.

Wife (away on a trip)—I don't believe Bridget wrote that letter that I received this morning.

Husband—Why, it tells you all about everything at home.

Wife—Yes, I know; but it's signed: "Your obedient servant."—Judge.

TOO MUCH FOR WORDS.

Algie—She took the cigarette right out of my mouth and threw it in the street.

Chollie—What did you say?

Algie—Nothing at all; just ewled.—Judge.

The Longed-For Question.

Mr. Caller—Miss Antique, I have been wanting to ask you something for some time.

Miss Antique (blushing)—You—may ask it.

Mr. Caller—My mother wants to know if you are not the Isabel Antique she used to go to school with.—Truth.

Could Not Him.

Freddy—Sister must like you a heap. Freddy's sister's Beau (beamingly)—Indeed! I am delighted to hear you say so.

Freddy—Yes, when she saw you coming to-night she said she felt as if she could eat you. She was going out with Mr. Featherly.—N. Y. Journal.

The Obdient Servant.

Miss—Do you mean to tell me, Bridget, that you let baby eat seven bananas?

Bridget—An' sure, ma'am, didn't yez tell me, the last thing you said, to 'mould the baby'—an' sure he ordered the whole seven.—Harper's Young People.

Uses of Parrots.

He—Tasked your parrot if she wanted a cracker, but I could not quite make out her reply.

She—Polly speaks very indistinctly at times. Perhaps she was trying to say that she preferred chocolate.

He—Um—I'll bring a box next time and see.—Good News.

What Is Really Needed.

Senator—What we need in this country is a school to fit men to be newspaper men.

Newspaper Man—By Jove, we don't need to have it half as much as you fit men to be United States senators.—Detroit Free Press.

A Ridiculous Motion.

"Doctor, when I bend my body forward, stretch out my arms horizontally and impart to them a circular motion, I always feel such a pain in my left shoulder."

"But what need is there for you to perform such ridiculous antics?"

"Do you know any other way, doctor, of getting on your top coat?"—De Amsterdammer.

DESCRIBING FELLOW BEINGS.

It is Almost Always Totally Inadequate to Secure Identification.

"He was a young man and fairly good looking; smooth face and without glasses; wore a dark suit; was about five feet in height, and looked like a married man; anybody would know him." Such was the description turned in by a young woman who slipped quietly into the city editor's office and wanted to advertise for Chalmers, says the Boston Herald.

It appeared that Chalmers had left home, and nobody knew why, and this young woman had faith that her recital of his personal traits would bring him back. It was a good example of the average person's power of description of a fellow being.

It is totally inadequate! Though man be fearfully and wonderfully made, there seems to be an unaccountable inability in nine persons out of every ten to give a credible word picture of anyone whom they have seen. Because we understand the looks of a person when we meet him it never occurs to the mind that other people do not grasp a thorough idea of his appearance with a few passing phrases of description.

Your friend comes in, and you expand to him that such and such a man has just called for him, but almost invariably your exposition is a jumbled lot of used phrases which apply to the human race in general.

The other day when I rushed into my office room with a column story on the end of my tongue—or at least at the tip of my pen, to be more accurate—I was given this greeting:

"Hello! A man has just been in to see you."

"What did he look like?"

"Oh, he was a good-looking fellow; not very tall; rather heavy, but not too much so."

"Was he old or young?"

"About twenty or twenty-five, I should say."

"What color of hair?"

"I don't remember now. However, I don't think he had a mustache."

"How dressed?"

"Oh, just an ordinary business suit. Have you ever heard such a description? If not, wait yourself next time you tell of some one."

You will be surprised to find that your description would fit almost any member of the human race.

Why is it?

I don't know. We read in books that it's because we don't cultivate the habit of intelligent observation.

There was once a boy who learned how to describe what he saw. Every morning he was sent by his father to walk rapidly by an elegantly arranged window, and then afterward to repeat to him all the things he saw at this one glance at the panorama and to describe them. At first he had to look at the things with his eyes, but he caught in the passing glance, but in time he could remember almost everything in a show window by merely glancing at it once.

UNTIDY MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Her Appearance When on the Throne Disillusioning.

As the French press were too much absorbed by the Russian visitors to think of anything else, the one hundredth anniversary of Marie Antoinette's execution, the Paris correspondent tells the London Daily News, was kept by different royalist journals.

Some of them in supplements gave reprints of sensational pictures of her trial, and copies, tinted and in black and white, of her portrait. The memoirs of Baron M. Thiebaut, the friend of Frederick the Great, which has just come out, contain a description of her as she walked from the chapel royale at Versailles to her private apartments.

It does not accord with the idea generally entertained of her sumptuous elegance. She was, the baron says, dressed in white percale, or a kind of thin cotton. It was so soiled and shabby that he would have taken her for an under servant, had she not walked at some distance before a bevy of splendidly dressed ladies. Her whole appearance denoted carelessness.

When the baron mentioned his surprise at some gentlemen of the court they shook him by the thighs they said about her want of neatness and incapacity to feel what she owed to her position.

Indeed, whenever people about court spoke of the king or queen to the baron it was in a tone of sneering levity, not to say of ribaldry. In the French correspondence Marie Theresa frequently chides Marie Antoinette for her untidy habits, thus corroborating Baron Thiebaut's impressions.

Roaming Chinese Tribes.

In the plateau on the western borders of the Chinese empire, in the very heart of Asia, there live roaming tribes who seldom visit towns, except it may be in the way of trade. They dwell in tents, and of habit are nomadic.

They are hunters, and their food is what they catch wherever they wander, or the working. The tent used by some of the roving Mongolian folk is made of felt and is usually low, small and pointed toward the top.

The wooden door-frame is no higher than half a window-frame in our houses, but the tent, although not equal to the wants of a large family, is snug and comfortable enough in summer, but cold in winter.

A Fleece for Fleece.

The crew cried boldly: "Give us peace!" The French cried: "Of course!" Then one of the crew stepped forward. His hand and naval force.

THE DON'T WANT TO TELL.

—what made her beautiful. Yet it's only what other women know. Wealth of beauty comes only with a healthy body. Health is a set of good habits. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription assists nature in establishing these habits. Women have salivary glands, dull eyes and hollow cheeks, together with low spirits, when the blood is made miserable with disorders, derangements and weaknesses peculiar to their sex. Health is required, after periods of disease, nervous prostration and exhaustion, or other manifestations of derangement, and the remedy is the Favorite Prescription when the "Prescription" is used. Besides, it's sold on its merits. The proprietors take the risk.

It is guaranteed to benefit or cure all the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses of women, or money is returned.

Chalmers is named by Dr. Saxe's Remedy.

THE CUNNING FOX.

An Animal That Is Full of Life and Resources.

He is Ever on the Alert and Notwithstanding His Purring Tendency Is in Truth a Merry Beast.

"How few people know what an interesting chap the fox is," said a naturalist, recently. "They know him only by reputation, and that as a chicken thief, which he is. But he has lots of points, I tell you. A merry, sly dog is Reynard. All summer he lives in luxurious ease, roaming the woods and sauntering by the pebbly brooks, or basking in the noonday sun."

He loves fish; and going down to the stream he waits till he spies a plump trout. It's over in a twinkling. A leap, a snap, and off he trots with his juicy morsel. A stupid crawfish snoozes by his hole near the water's edge. Reynard drops his tail in the water and tickles him with it. The angered crustacean comes out of his hiding place and is seized and crushed, armor and all. When the ripening corn is ready to drop, and the luscious fruits have reached their maturity, and all nature is gleaming with ripening fullness, then Master Fox is in his element. Timid rabbits prick up their ears and run, unconscious of danger, along the hillside; the quails skulk noiselessly in the wheat stubble; birds pour forth their notes of praise; and he catches them all. He loves fruits. Stealthily he steals into orchards, where apples and plump pears tempt, and in the vineyard he fairly revels in grapes. His cubs grow fat and saucy. He shows them how to pilfer honey, and when the busy bees have laid up a winter store he crawls to the hives near the garden fence and, jumping up to the small opening, licks the sweet drops with pure delight. Out come the stringing, humming, oenymakers and settle like a ball on his thick pelt; but he doubles up in a twinkling, and, rolling over and over, crushes them by the score and eats them as a relish.

"Cunning? No animal beats him. Look at his brainy head. His delicate ears—broad-based to catch every sound, from the highest note of the shrill warbler to the low crooning of the cricket, or the distant murmur of storm, or the fervent pants of the prancing hounds, and tapering so sharply to a point that they can shape themselves to every wave of air that makes the thinnest rustle of noise. Note the crafty calculation and foresight of the low slanting brow. What a nose! Now full of resolute purpose pointing straight forward, and anon turning up with concentrated malice and scorn. The eye, deep-set, a regular robber's eye, lacking the soft beauty of the timid deer, or the fascinating glare of the cat's, yet it trembles with modest humility, or glares with murderous rage, flashing fire and vengeance. Energy and self-control speak in the thin, cynical lips, and the mouth opens from ear to ear. He can leap, crawl, run and swim with the velocity of lightning, and his wiry body is carried so noiselessly along that scarce a trace is left. His delicate footfalls echo no response even among the dead leaves of the forest. His walk is treacherous, his glances sinister. Seizing a bunch of grain in his mouth, he will swim into the midst of a flock of ducks and seize the plumpest for a dinner."

"He is voracious, is Reynard. When hunger pressed, and gaunt and lean from starvation, he'll not refuse serpents and toads and moles and rats. He has been known to attack and kill a scorpion, and he'll revel in oysters and shellfish. A group of rabbits are feeding in a clover patch. He'll crawl along, nibbling the juicy flowers until near enough to make a grab. He'll stalk a bird, with his hind legs dragging behind him, until near enough to spring. How farmers dread his inroads in the poultry yard. Fasten the yard up tight and he will burrow a winding passage into the ground beneath and suddenly appear among the drowsy chickens and stupid geese, whose shrill and alarmed cries arouse the farmer from his bed to sally forth, finding all safe. Then the fox will sneak back and pack away with the plumpest pullet or the fattest goose."

"February is the month when Reynard goes awooing, and a wide range he takes, flirting and toying with every vixen that chances in his way. It is fully sixty days before madame clears the rubbish all out of her burrow and brings forth her young, from three to six at a litter. It will be fully a month before the sharp-nosed cubs begin to play and gambol about the doorway of their home. Perhaps it will be at the root of an old tree, beneath a ledge of rocks, or in the hollow of a dead tree trunk, or a burrow with several entrances in the sand or loam. Tell-tale chicken bones, and feathers and furs strewn about the entrance, speak of many a hen rook robbed, or of foolish rabbits and over-confident grouse that have furnished food for the ever-hungry cubs. The mother fox faithfully feeds her young and boldly stands to support them. She knows